

PHOENIX FALL 2006



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FALL 2006



FREE PERKS EH? =FAIR TRADE=

ESTELLA AYUK

PHOENIX LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE

FALL 2006

Cover: ***Sidewalk Bug***, Ericka Mills

Phoenix

Literary and Arts Magazine
Volume 31

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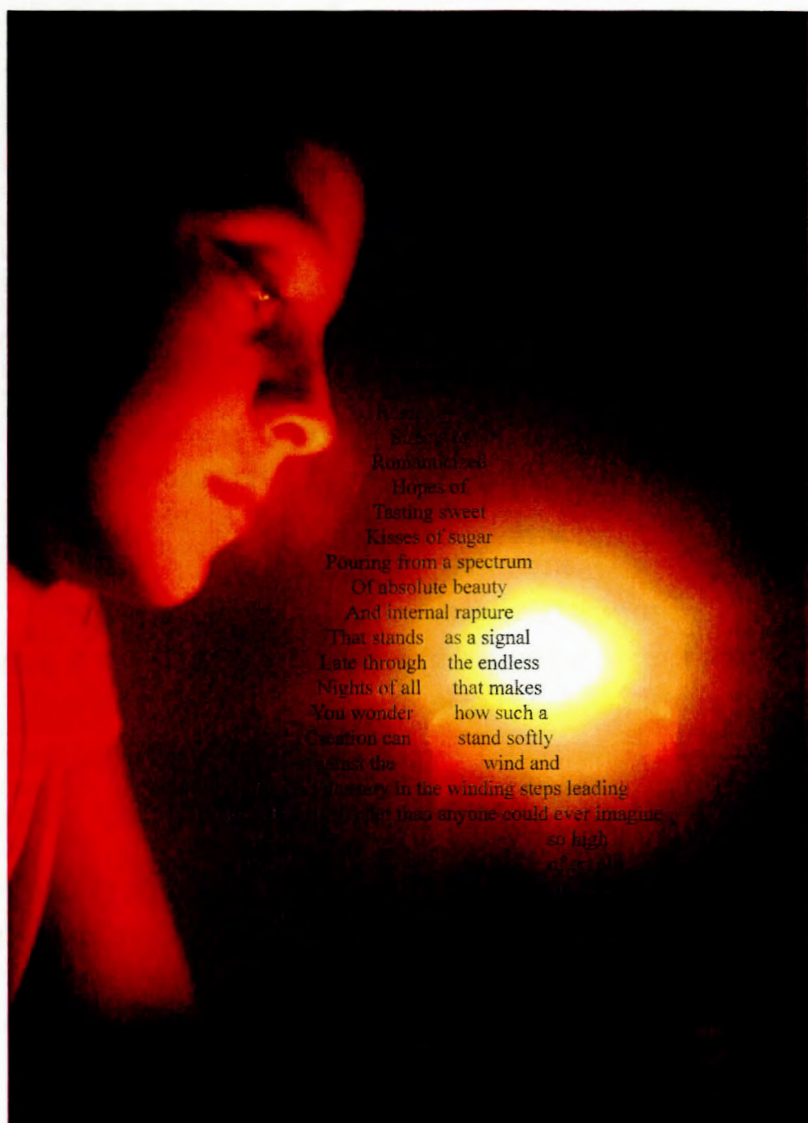
Dear Readers,

In celebrating new beginnings and continuing tradition, Phoenix is introducing a new beginning while continuing tradition. At the start of 2006 Fall Semester, as the talented, eclectic group that we are, the Phoenix staff decided to publish a fall publication in addition to our yearly spring publication. Although we were unable to produce the publication for the end of the fall semester as intended, we will deliver it now.

In the pages within, lay images of joy, celebration, sadness, beauty, and brilliance; a good representation of us. This magazine presents Phoenix as the quirky, jovial, free spirited, intimate, eclectic group of people that we are. This publication was intended to present our community to the unremitting gaiety of art, poetry, prose, and short stories, etc. Stream of Consciousness is a good representation from pages 14-19. The contents of these pages resulted from a group exercise introduced by Art Editor, Melanie Glass.

As always, continued thanks to our supporters that abet in maintaining tradition an embracing commencing new traditions.

Sincerely,
Estella Ayuk
Editor



Heaven
Surrendered
Romanticized
Hopes of
Tasting sweet
Kisses of sugar
Pouring from a spectrum
Of absolute beauty
And internal rapture
That stands as a signal
Late through the endless
Nights of all that makes
You wonder how such a
Creation can stand softly
Against the wind and
Mystery in the winding steps leading
To a place far beyond anyone could ever imagine
so high
offer all

MADT

MELANIE GLASS

CITY OF LIGHTS

KATHERINE MARTINEZ



RAGE AGAINST THE DYING OF LIGHT

MELANIE GLASS

I can take a drive through her life.

As I pull out my driveway onto the road I can see a shy little girl looking up at a tree while all the other kids are up in the tree pointing down and laughing.

Left alone to play alone.

Will mommy play with me?

No, she is too busy but grandma is there.

As I drive on the road I pass a teen on the sidewalk.

She is wearing headphones, carrying her schoolbooks, with her head down.

But she keeps looking back at the three kids walking behind her.

Why?

Perhaps she is a good student, likes to listen to music and obeys her mother.

Morals seem important to her.

But is she all alone?

Now I am taking an Exit 18 off the road and onto the highway.

Around the sign I see Worry Flies all around.

A girl born in North Carolina and raised by her mother in Southern Maryland is on her way to being on her own.

Will she find the right direction or does she still need her mommy?

Better yet, does her mommy still need her?

But wait!

Where did that girl go?

Oh no! She is standing right in the middle of the highway.

I can't stop and I am going to crash into her.

Is a different love on that new road and will HE be there?

Roads can get bumpy but I can still drive through it and will always pursue it.

I have and now I wonder will she recover.

But there's still a lot of road left.

So now I have to be a new me.

But she is still there!

I will always know she loved R&B and Hip Hop music, Italian food, new adventures, city life and of course, her family.



WINDING ROAD

ESTELLA AYUK

We were fireflies dancing along the sidewalk,
Lit up with a scent of sweet vinegar;
With our pockets empty and our hearts full,
We swung in circles around each lamp post
In hopes of growing dizzy enough to forget tomorrow;
The twilight cradled us in its arms,
And we watched as the blackness seeped through the cracks of the streets,
Reviving us in glitter and effervescent stars;
Eased by scattered thoughts of the future,
Tears no longer decorated our faces,
As we held a laughing world in the palm of our hands;
Tonight we did not bleed,
Tonight we did not weep,
Tonight the cage was open wide,
Handing us our youth for a moment to keep.



UNTITLED

MAKEDAH SALMOND

Mi Barrio

It's not the perfect place
It's where I grew up

Es mi barrio

Gunshots echo in the distance
Sometimes right outside my window

Pero es mi barrio.

Bed by the window on the first floor
Drug dealers running by in the dark
Scared of being caught by 5~o or worse

Es mi barrio

News reporters banging on doors
Witnesses who'd rather live than talk.
Yeah it's not the safest neighborhood

Pero es mi barrio

Si es mi barrio but
This isn't a poem of pride about it
It's about a celebration
I'm celebrating life

I've made it this far
And I'm still here
I'm alive.

Emotions lost into the complexity of my soul,
 Inwardly perception, but outwardly untold.
 Like what a bird would do
 If it did not have a beak,
 And no one understands because,
 A voice has yet to speak.

The Silvery Sparkle, flash of the tear
 Waiting, to fall from my eye.
 Somehow I refuse to ask the question, why?
 I know that every reason has a purpose
 Behind it's matter,
 And with life nothing comes on
 A silver platter.

Today I'm up, tomorrow...
 Swallowed down in mess,
 No, because I made up in my mind
 I won't stand for nothing less.
 Now the voice has spoken
 Ready to let you know,
 And yes, indeed, the world is true
 You do "reap what you sow."

Expectations and revelations
 A search for what is true,
 Rather than emotions Lord...
 Let my life be wrapped in you.
 "it's just emotions taking me over"
 That's the song they sing,
 Somehow I feel my emotional distress
 Should be given to Christ the King.

It's hard to say what day, my life
 Decides to hide beneath the oceans
 Nevertheless, the one thing I know,
 I have to stay...

True to Thee-Emotions



YOUTH

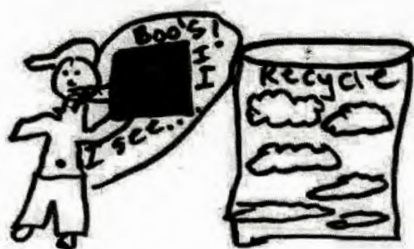
KATHERINE MARTINEZ

The empty glass

through clouds of pink puffs.



I was a little strung out
and I began to see clouds
floating in my garbage.



I was walking along...
the height of the sky.



she was standing on the cloud as she put
her hands up to stop negativity.



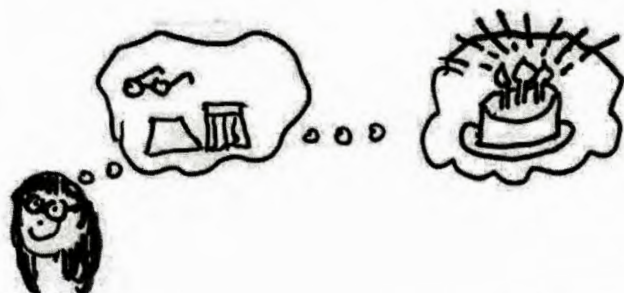
CHANDLERS

FALLING

Sunglasses, skirts and blue
eyes.

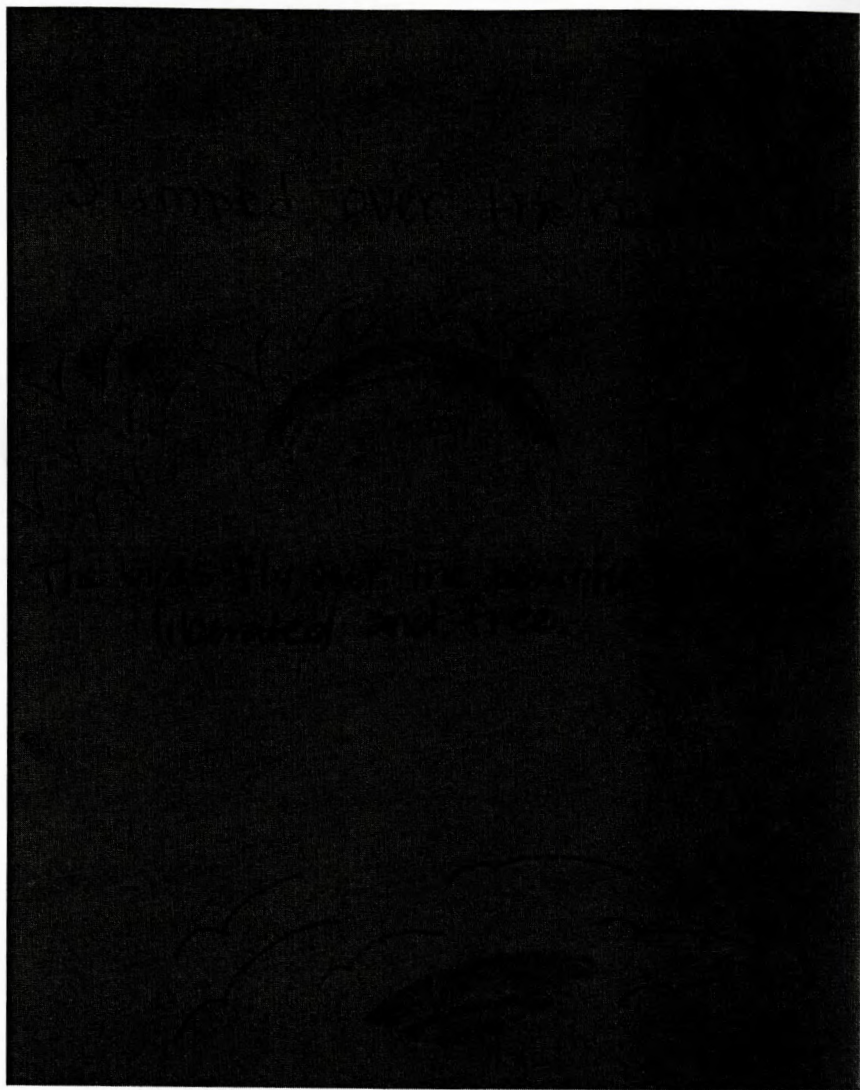


I dream of skirts and new
glasses to shine like the candles
on my Birthday cake.



CON

PHOENIX 06 AND NELDA SCOTT




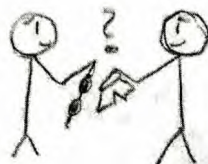
S C I

PHOENIX 06 AND NELDA SCOTT

The fat man shakes the trees in anger



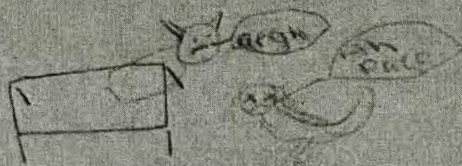
Chris Martin's tree aggression.
Make trade fair! !



The goat in the back of the room
 is a coward sitting on the table



A Horned mouse jumps on the table to attack
 the squirrel outside.



I am falling in Love
 With my imperfections
 The way I never wake up on time,
 Forget to call friends,
 Lose my keys and papers,
 miss appointments I have written down,
 am just a little late.

I am learning to love
 my eclectic accent,
 my nappy roots,
 my grotesquely large feet,
 and poor script,
 understanding the perks of being me.

Learning to love
 the open-ended mystery of sucking at life but rejoicing nevertheless.

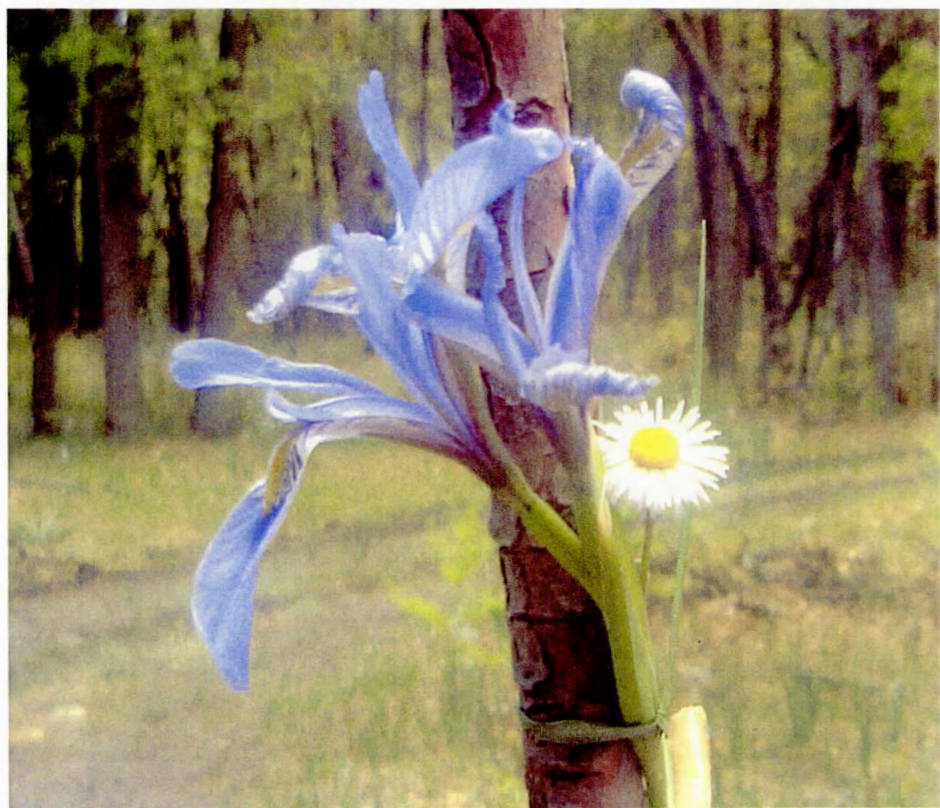
I am learning to fail
 to make list,
 use my convictions to affect change
 read the books I should.
 Instead, I practice sarcasm, indifference, love.

Probably, I should
 clean up my room,
 be better organized,
 prepare for my 3:25 p.m. class
 or better yet return phone calls.
 But i'd rather waste my time
 listening to Coldplay, the Postal Service, Lauryn Hill, Alex Murdoch, and Frou Frou
 or napping;
 learning to relax.



TRANQUILITY

MAKEDAH SALMOND



"PRESERVING-REGIFTING"

MELANIE GLASS

The city streetlights light up one by one,
Like golden stars painted across a gray sky.
Car windows rolled down,
The radio is on low,
And the silence begins to seep into my soul.
Flashbacks of old scars and old tears clutter my mind,
And I feel as though I'm drowning my own mess.
Bruises of fate that tainted my weakness,
Devour me entirely.
But when the wind rushes past me once more,
I'll once again remember how to breathe.



UNTITLED

MELANIE GLASS

At the age of thirteen, I had yet to experience life's many extremes.
Leaving the country to travel had only been a dream.

I was so excited, barely able to imagine what would lie ahead.
My first big vacation and a plane ride I would dread.

Sixteen hours in the air, with breakfast, lunch and dinner,
As far as traveling was concerned, I was a reluctant beginner.

I would fly halfway around the world to visit my mother.
To visit a place that wouldn't be like any other.

I learned the hard way not to drink the water.
Prior to getting sick, I wish I had received this order.

After my plane landed, I went straight to a water fountain,
Which would cause me later to feel like I had been pushed down a mountain.

My mom, sister, grandma, and I rode a bus to the military base,
on roads with no speed limit, where everyone seemed to be part of a high-speed chase.

I would soon realize that Seoul, Korea is almost like New York.
At all times, people crowd the streets like shopping is a sport.

Late one night, we set our clocks to join the crowds in It'aewon at 1:00 A.M.
I was so amazed to see the negotiations taking place at this time in the morning.

We visited my mother's friends, I was captivated by everything, wondering if I could take in anything more,
I never knew that there was a place without speed limits, or a place that had homes with heated floors.

One day, we ventured to Lotte World, an indoor amusement park.
It was on this day, that Korea found a special place in my heart.

I rode rides, observed an ice show, and viewed a musical performance.
I was overwhelmed by this astonishing ambiance.

I was fed a whole squid, which I didn't acknowledge until after I finished.
When my sister ordered the same thing, and looked a little squeamish.

Nothing really sunk in until after I returned home
After a trip that flew by, barely feeling as if I had left my comfort zone.

I have always had a longing to return,
Which has developed into the desire to learn,
About various countries and the cultural experiences I yearn.

Familliale

La mère fait du tricot
 Le fils fait la guerre
 Elle trouve ça tout naturel la mère
 Et le père qu'est-ce qu'il fait le père ?
 Il fait des affaires
 Sa femme fait du tricot
 Son fils la guerre
 Lui des affaires
 Il trouve ça tout naturel le père
 Et le fils et le fils
 Qu'est-ce qu'il trouve le fils ?
 Il ne trouve rien absolument rien le fils
 Le fils sa mère fait du tricot son père des affaires lui la guerre
 Quand il aura fini la guerre
 Il fera des affaires avec son père
 La guerre continue la mère continue elle tricote
 Le père continue il fait des affaires
 Le fils est tué il ne continue plus
 Le père et la mère vont au cimetière
 Ils trouvent ça tout naturel le père et la mère
 La vie continue la vie avec tricot la guerre les affaires
 Les affaires la guerre le tricot la guerre
 Les affaires les affaires et les affaires
 La vie avec le cimetière.

Family

The mother knits
 The son fights in a war.
 She, the mother finds it all natural
 And the father, what does he do?
 He does business
 His wife knits
 His son fights in a war.
 Him, he does business
 He finds this all natural, the father
 And the son
 What does he find?
 The son finds nothing. He finds absolutely nothing.
 The son, his mother knits, his father does business, and him, he fights the wars.
 When he finishes fighting in the war,
 He will do business with his father
 The war continues the mother continues she knits
 The father continues to do business
 The son is killed and he doesn't continue
 The mother and father go to the cemetery
 They find this completely natural-the mother and father
 Life continues life continues with knitting war business
 Business war knitting war
 Business business and business
 Life with the cemetery

Stephanie Torres

Prisoner At Home

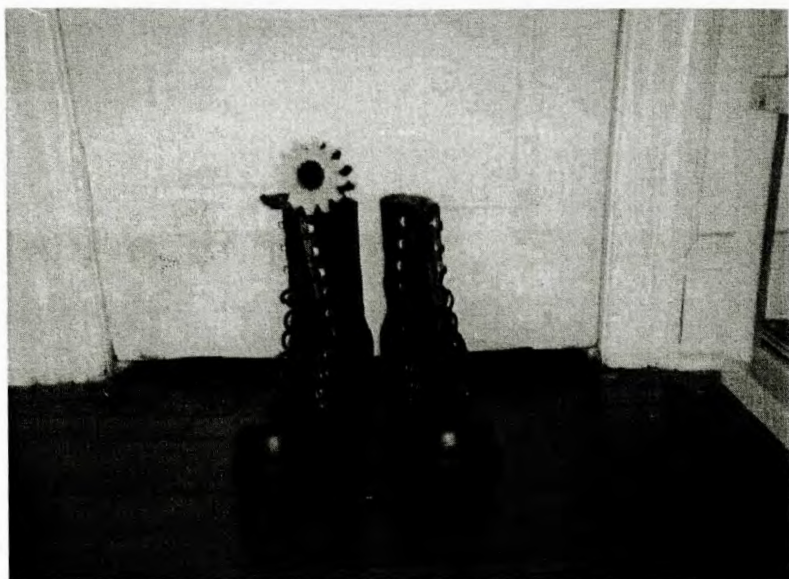
I stand here in front of you.
Waiting to burst,
Waiting to show you my independence.
But all you see is a five year old version of me.

You raised me to be an independent
Individual, person, and woman,
With my own thoughts, ideas, and opinions.

You hold my hand even though
I know how to look both ways
Before crossing the street.
I know it's hard to let go.
It's not easy for me either.
But I'm not a little girl anymore.

Can't you see?
You can no longer tell me
How to dress
What to think or
What to feel

So open up my cell door
And let me go.
Because I am no longer
Willing to be a jail bird.
I am not going to be a caged animal.
I refuse to be a prisoner at home.



FEMME

KATHERINE MARTINEZ

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COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE



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QUEST FOR SURVIVAL

MAKEDAH SALMOND